



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KC
11839

1839

NEDL TRANSFER



HN 6240 \$

JOSEPH HARWOOD,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY WILMOT POWELL.



WANGANUI, N.Z.:

PRINTED BY H. I. JONES, VICTORIA AVENUE.

1885.

TWO SHILLINGS.



JOSEPH HARWOOD,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

JOSEPH HARWOOD,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY WILMOT POWELL.



WANGANUI, N.Z.
PRINTED BY H. I. JONES, VICTORIA AVENUE.

—
1885.

KC11839



INTRODUCTION.

TO MY READERS,

I have placed these few poems, or rather fugitive pieces, in a collected form, at the request of a few of my friends. Some of them have appeared at different times, under a *nom de plume*, in the columns of the press, others are now published for the first time. In one or two, I have endeavoured, and it has been indeed a labour of love, to depict scenes and events, which, though lingering in the minds of the older settlers, are yet unknown to the rising generation, or to those who have only lately come amongst us. With many of those who took a prominent part in the troubulous times of the Colony, I was on terms of warm personal friendship. This great Colony of New Zealand, our adopted home, and in which I have spent many long and eventful years, has become very dear to me. Its rugged snow-capt mountains, its lovely plains and valleys, its silent lakes and rapid rivers, its wonderful health-restoring springs and crystal terraces, all combine to make it in the not far future, the home of millions of the Anglo-saxon race. The Maori of the good old times, who with all his faults was sincere and brave, is now rapidly passing away. Many of them rendered great and lasting services in very perilous times, and deserve the very kindest recognition of the white settlers of this North Island. It is this feeling which has prompted me, not unkindly I trust, to write "A Heathen Maori," and to make allusion to the fight at Moutoa, when the friendly Maories, at heavy loss to themselves, defeated the Hau Haus and prevented them from descending the river, and carrying murder and destruction amongst the outlying settlers. In "The Dying Miner" I have attempted to pourtray the perils of a digger's life. They are a rough, but brave and generous lot of men. The character of Jack is taken from life. I met many such during some years spent on the gold fields.

In conclusion, I dedicate with much pleasure this little brochure to the people of Wanganui.

THE AUTHOR.

WANGANUI,
NEW ZEALAND,
30th May, 1885.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Joseph Harwood ..	1
A Heathen Maori ..	4
Three Gilded Balls ..	6
Our Bridge ..	7
The Polypus City ..	9
A Pauper's Grave ..	11
Luckie's Lying Tale ..	12
New Zealand ..	14
Caoutchouck, the Hairless Horse ..	15
Memories ..	16
The Broken Cord ..	19
Spiritualism ..	20
Only a Common Man ..	21
Life ..	22
The Stranger's Rebuke ..	25
Lines Written in an Album ..	27
The Wanganui ..	28
An Ode ..	30
The <i>Dinornis Giganteus Robustus</i> ..	32
Christian Charity ..	33
An Acrostic ..	34
A Civic Carnival ..	35
The Golden Age ..	39
Eulogy ..	41
Alone ..	43
The Old Block-house ..	44
The Immigrant ..	45
In Memoriam ..	47
The S. A. ..	49
Isaack Earl Featherstone ..	51
The Burning of the "Cospatrick" ..	53
A Nautical Yarn ..	55
Gordon ..	58
The Dying Miner ..	59

—o—

ERRATA.—In "Three Gilded Balls," fourth line, for *There*,
read *Their*. In "An Aerostic," second line, for *though*,
read *through*.



JOSEPH HARWOOD.

“COME up, my boy, the setting sun
Is sinking in the west :
The day is o'er, thy work is done,
Come up, my boy, and rest.

“I cannot move,” the lad replied,
“The yielding, treacherous sand
Is falling quickly from the side,
And holds me where I stand.”

“Oh, father, help !” the wailing sound
Uprises from the well,
And brings the startled neighbours round—
‘Tis like a funeral knell.

They gaze into the living grave,
And spy the upturned face—
With starting eye implore to save
From out the fatal place.

But who amongst them all will dare
Descend the yawning spot ?
And seek to save, perchance to share,
The poor boy's dreadful lot.

A moment, see the pendent rope
Is grasped with daring hand :
A fit embodiment of Hope
Beside the boy doth stand.

And as the seaman midst the storm
Close reefs with dauntless hand,
He tries to pluck the trembling form
From out the deepening sand.

And willing arms help from above—
They pull, but all in vain :
The lad cries “ Hold, for God’s dear love,
I cannot bear the pain.”

But soon, too soon, another slip
Encloses to his waist ;
With dewy brow and quivering lip,
He falters out, “ Make haste !”

And strong men view with awful fear,
They labour but too late :
Unbidden falls the starting tear,
For such untimely fate.

His brave companion now makes fast
A double strand around,
And barely 'scapes with life at last
From 'neath the falling ground.

Again they strain upon the rope,
Amid the gathering gloom ;
And strive, with desperate strength and hope,
To avert such piteous doom.

“ Pull one, pull all,” is now the cry—
Oh, sure 'tis not too late ?
The poor boy bears in agony,
And calmly waits his fate.

Oh, sad, the rotting rope doth part—
The sickening scene is o'er ;
Upon that young and hapless heart
The ruthless earth doth pour.

Brave Harwood once again with speed
Descends into that grave:
No thought of fear, nor death doth heed,
If only he may save.

And though he risked his life in vain,
His work shall never die,
But prove to him a tenfold gain
In realms beyond the sky.

And men shall learn that bravest deed
 Is not in battle's strife,
 But willing help in utmost need,
 And freely offered life.

A HEATHEN MAORI.

SQUATTED in his blanket greasy,
 Taking life uncommon easy,
 And getting very old and wheezy,
 This heathen man.
 Cares not for pious exhortations,
 Or missionary ministrations ;
 He laughs at all their glib orations,
 This heathen man.

His spirit broods o'er Maori ways ;
 He conjures back the early days,
 And softly chants the savage lays
 Of heathen land.

He dwells on many a stricken field,
 Where warriors like himself would wield
 The spear and club, and die—not yield—
 For heathen land.

Again brings back the bloody night,
When captives ta'en in Maori fight
Lay helpless, bound--a sorry sight.
His heathen hand.

When words ran high in council met,
With blood of captiye foes was wet,
Nor felt a pang, this heathen vet,
Of Maori land.

When sacramental cups go round,
This Maori sinner is not found,
Nor when religious rites abound
In heathen land.

For marriage laws he does not care,
But has for wives a dusky pair :
Which grieves the unco guid most sair
In heathen land.

Ne'er furnished he example strong
Of heathen turned to right from wrong ;
Nor lent his ear to mission song
In Maori land.

He heedeth not the Sabbath bell,
Nor cares if it shall ring his knell,
When he shall go the throng to swell
In spirit land.

Yet strange this heathen savage heart
 In dirty ways ne'er played a part ;
 Suspicious looked on mission art
 In Maori land.

In bygone days, when foes were rife,
 For Pakeha friends he risked his life,
 And for them joined in mortal strife
 With loyal hand.
 To scorn a lie his noble creed !
 Nor loaf around for selfish greed,
 Like some foul parasitic weed
 In Maori land.

THREE GILDED BALLS.

WITHOUT for sign, three gilded balls,
 Within nice snug partitioned stalls,
 Where impecunious swells shall sink
 There boasted pride for sake of drink.

Within those doors, soon open wide,
 What shrunken forms shall furtive glide :
 What trembling hands shall eager pawn
 Their all, and leave their homes forlorn.

What household gods shall disappear !
Once sacred held, once deemed so dear !
What silent ghosts of wasted powers !
What souvenirs of happier hours !

What antique gems, what dainty rings !
What musty cloths, what curious things !
What thousand waifs and strays shall deck
The dusty shelves from life's sad wreck !

OUR BRIDGE.

On massy piles and girders vast,
That stretch from shore to shore :
Our bridge in beauty still shall last
When we shall be no more.

A fitting monument of mind,
It spans the roaring flood :
A work of skill and art combined,
And dangers oft withstood.

And myriad feet in days to come
Shall cross with hurried stride—
Along the hills the busy hum
Shall echo far and wide.

From stately ships the sailor's song
Shall sound right cheerily.
Great busy crowds together throng,
And labour wearily.

The squabbling cits, whose civic lust
For power, and place, and fame
Once raised a smile, shall be but dust,
Nor leave behind a name.

The Maori to the spirit land
Shall long have passed away—
Whose voice now echoes on the strand.
The creature of a day.

The iron horse shall throbbing rush
Through mountain and through glen :
Through busy haunts and silent bush,
O'er streams and quaking fen.

And still our bridge will bravely last
When we shall be no more :
Its massy piles and girders vast
Shall stretch from shore to shore.

THE POLYPUS CITY.

WHERE barren hills o'er top a chaos rude,
Laved by the waters of the southern flood ;
Where scanty herbage clings with meagre hold,
And greedy diggers vainly look for gold ;
Where Nature seems with an unsparing hand
To loose the hidden forces of the land ;
Where Boreas blustering on the southern gale,
The anchor mocks and rends the flapping sail ;
Where mighty ranges bound the restless eye,
And snowy peaks point upward to the sky.
The Empire City stands, a bustling place—
Though sadly limited for want of space.
There legislation finds congenial work,
And smirk officials oft their duties shirk ;
There needy parasites with patience wait,
To bow and wriggle in some *tête-à-tête* ;
There wildest dreams of concentrated power
Amuse the mind, and fill the passing hour.
Disordered visions lend fictitious sway
To demagogues—the creatures of a day.
Rose tinted hues envelop all around :
And loans, gulls, sharks, and smells abound.
O, monstrous thought, that wide extending plains
Should seek afar an outlet for their gains.

Pour all their wealth into a people's lap,
 Whose fairest promises but gild the trap :
 Whose constant cry is " Ever tribute bring
 To beautify the city where we cling."
 Who covet east and west with hungry eyes,,
 And thrust out iron arms to clutch the prize ;
 Who view with jealous eye each effort made
 To break the ties that weaken and degrade.

Shall we then longer tardy justice wait ?
 Or quietly submit until too late ?
 Accept each dole with acquiescent smile ?
 Let traitors here, with honeyed words beguile ?
 Our port they'd close, this last the winning trick,
 And drive us to take refuge in Port Nic :
 Would turn our streets into a grassy fold
 For goats and cattle, as in days of old ;
 Or coal dépôt, the iron horse to feed.
 This, ponder well, for he who runs may read.

Ungrateful such, who, heedless of the past,
 On their adopted home a blight would cast :
 Who, lying snug in port, would fain ignore
 The source from whence derived their present store.
 Would fain forget, nor care again to find
 The bar, the counter, or the hardworked hind :
 A mere excrescence these, a fossil race,

But filling in our midst a useless place.
Then decently inter each sordid wight ;
Unhandicapped by them pursue the fight.
Write on each tomb " Here lies a sorry man,
Who strove alive each useful work to damn."

A PAUPER'S GRAVE.

A WOODEN box, a gaping hole,
No mourner there, no bell to toll,
No solemn sham, no mocking stone,
No funeral dirge, no pious drone :
But like a dog, he's left alone—
Poor Tinker White.

A sad waif on the turgid stream—
His life was but an ugly dream.
He's gone where monarch, priest, and peer
Are but alike in joy or fear.
Some angel, perhaps, may drop a tear
For Tinker White.



LUCKIE'S LYING TALE.

Dedicated to those timorous souls in the City of Auckland and elsewhere, who gave credence to the clever, but imaginary sketch in the *Southern Cross* newspaper of the invasion of Auckland by a Russian ironclad, called the "Caskowiski," and the capture of a British man-of-war without the firing of a shot.

CAN Briton's sons have sunk so low
As at their flag to strike a blow ?

To think that Northern wolves should come
And find the British seamen dumb.
Believe in Luckie's lying tale,
And at the sorry news turn pale.

Are men like these of Saxon blood ?
Spring they from sires who oft withstood
In bygone days the foreign foe,
And struck victorious squadrons low ?
Who claimed the ocean for their bride,
And proudly swept the swelling tide.

Strangers are they to England's fame ;
With them her honour's but a name :
Absorbed in lustng after gold,
Her glory's but a thing of old.
Her fighting men and hearts of oak
But waiting for the foreign yoke.

They sniff but danger in the wind :
To all but monstrous myths are blind !
They wot not of the mighty home
That lies across the breaking foam :
But greedy list with startled ears,
And shake with ill-dissembled fears.

When gone are England's gallant sons ;
When mute are all her trusty guns ;
When Briton's flag is in the dust ;
When British steel is dull with rust :
Ah ! then shall such a tale prove true.
Then Auckland men the day shall rue.

Then freedom—liberty—shall sink ;
Despotic power its fetters link.
The barrier 'gainst oppression's chain—
Once swept away in blood and pain.
The world shall mourn, alas ! too late—
Britannia's fall, its own sad fate.



NEW ZEALAND.

AROUND these verdant isles, our southern home,
The everlasting waters love to roam ;
Now leaping on with white and foaming crest,
Breaking in thunder and anon at rest,
Gently caressing with a lover's hand—
When all is peace. A glorious land,
Teeming with virgin wealth. Where
Mountain, valley, plain, and forest share
Alike in Nature's gifts. Where richest soil
Rewards with lavish hand the settler's toil.
Where placid lakes in solemn stillness lie,
The only sound the bittern's lonely cry.
Where noble rivers wind their devious way,
And myriad streams their gurgling tribute pay.
Where gushing founts their healing waters give,
And bid the sick-worn traveller to live.
No more her dusky sons aspire to reign :
They sink the patriot in the love of gain.
No more shall lurk in tangled bush or brake,
But direful war for peaceful arts forsake.
And thus united future years shall see
The whilom foes in amity agree :
Together strive with willing heart and hand
To build anew a common fatherland.

CAOUTCHOUCK, THE HAIRLESS HORSE.

WHEN comest thou ? say, whence thy root ?
Thou hairless—maneless—indiarubber brute.

Thy miserable stump y'clept a tail,
As stiff, unyielding as a thresher's flail ;
Stuck on behind, as to a pump the handle—
Is smooth and hairless as a tallow candle.

“ I come from Abenugger,
Where they grow the sugar,
In Queensland, right up agin the torrid zone.

My hirsute sire and dam
Now wonder where I am.

Why did not the white critters leave me alone ?
Cans't thou a tale unfold, mysterious stranger,
Of trick or dodge when thou was't at the manger ?
Or wer't thou naked from thy earliest day,
When skipping round thy dam in wanton play ?
Ain't thou the victim of Dame Nature's freak,
Like Balaam's donkey ? I implore thee, speak.

“ I felt it mighty hot
In the place where I was got,
And left my coat amongst the blue gum trees.
If I was back at home
I never more would roam :
These southern latitudes make my warm blood freeze.

My land is full of wonders :
Of tropic rain and thunders,
Of alligators, hairless men, and women too ;
Of kidnapped island niggers,
And disappointed diggers :
Just you read Anthony Trollope through."

MEMORIES.

THE flickering lamp light's sickly glare
Is dimly thrown around.
The busy clock, the midnight hour,
Chimes forth with solemn sound.
The wind with mournful music sighs,
As though some spirit hand,
Had gently swept the shadowy strings,
In the shoreless, unknown land.
And one by one the bygone years,
Like sheeted ghosts appear :
The laughing hours for ever fled
The dead friends once so dear.
Fond memory idly conjures back
Each well remembered voice,
That ne'er again in earthly scenes
Shall sorrow or rejoice.

The kindly face that once among
Us moved—the friend of all—
Beneath the wave now tranquil sleeps
Until the last great call.

Each rugged line, each homely word,
The mind still loves to paint ;
Each gentle act of untold good,
Each look and gesture quaint.

Again the shadows quickly change ;
Again the songs are trolled ;
The roof tree echoes to the sound
Of “ the merry days of old.”

How oft dear G. thy cheery strain
Hath charmed with magic spell,—
The listening ear. And now, alas !
Thy home the narrow cell.

And strangers throng thy chamber floor,
And walk with careless tread :
Nor spare one thought for thee, old friend !
The now forgotten dead.

Thy dust by stranger hands was laid ;
By them long since forgot—
Far from the scenes, the hopes, the joys
That marked thy chequered lot.

No urn, no stone, remembrance bids
Let fall the rising tear.
And cold neglect possesses now
The friends once deemed so dear.

How oft around thy festive board,
When life was at the flood—
Have gathered men who gallantly
In battle shed their blood.

'Neath tangled brake they slumber now
In bush and lonely dell :
The whispering leaves droop sadly o'er
Where each in glory fell.

Dear Sire, thou too art laid to rest,
Secure from earthly storm :
To me the grandest—noblest—best !
Thy well-remembered form.

In distant lands across the sea,
True friend in joy or pain :
My earnest hope and prayer shall be
That we may meet again.

The visions fade, but memory still,
To buried scenes shall cling :
And round each phantom form again,
A halo bright shall fling.

THE BROKEN CORD.

(An Incident in Church.)

Rich harmonies beneath thy touch are swelling ;
Rich sounds of sweetness, long drawn and fortelling

Nought, but sweet music magically gushing—
Through heart and senses in a full tide rushing.

Now bursting on the ear with note alarming ;
And now with dying cadence softly charming.
Now filling all the air with solemn warning ;
Now lingering round the heart of sinners scorning.

Now full and round majestic anthems pealing ;
Now hidden beauties distantly revealing.
Now whispering, sadly, like the angels sighing
Around the couch of some poor mortal dying.

Hark ! from below that dreadful discord blending,
Gives fatal promise of the final ending ;—
And like the dying swan prophetic singing,
With melancholy strain the bosom wringing.

Alas ! the cord is loosed ; with mournful sound,
The bellows sink collapsed upon the ground.
No longer are sweet melodies evoked,
For lack of wind, the instrument is choked.

S P I R I T U A L I S M .

THE De'il's at large so have a care,—
He does not catch you in his snare.
With artful dodge and mock condition
Drag down the faithful to perdition.
Four million souls, 'tis said, already,
Have by his tricks been made unsteady ;
Been led astray from Orthodoxy,—
By ways to say the least are foxy.
Oh, have a care ! these latter days
Are full of most pernicious ways.
Spiritualistic friends are able,
By sundry taps upon a table,—
To summon up, ah, there's the rub !
If not some ghost—Beelzebub.
They little think the quondam friend,
Whose touch such magic charm doth lend.
Whose airy pranks in darken'd room ;
With rope, or fiddle, horn, or broom ;
Who information gives most civil,
Is but his Majesty the Devil.
Poor souls ! they think it is the shade
Of some friend in the grave long laid,
Some spirit sent from worlds afar,
To tell them just what spirits are.

To satisfy their curious whim--
Some brimstone elf or goblin grim,—
Assumes at will the well known voice,
And bids the listening crowd rejoice,
To think their defunct friend or sister
Although unseen can spin a twister.
Unfold the most mysterious things,
And rob King Death of all his stings.

ONLY A COMMON MAN.

ALL, all is hushed, with stealthy tread
The monster moves around ;
Nor cares for those poor souls in bed,
In deepest slumber bound.

With ghastly face and listening ear,
He plies the fatal light.
To be found there, his only fear ;
Oh God ! a fearful sight.

'Tis done. The hellish work is past ;—
Unto the midnight skies
Borne upward by the raging blast,—
Devouring flames arise.

At earliest dawn upon the ground,
 Amongst the ashes cold,
 A charred and shapeless trunk is found.
 The fearful tale is told.

And glancing at his victim there,
 The murderer thus began :
 " For such as he I gave no care,
 'Twas but a common man."

Ah ! better far that lifeless clay
 Now prone upon the ground ;
 Than live for ever and a day,
 Such treacherous craven hound.

Some brother, friend, or parent dear,
 May mourn the hapless dead.
 For such as thee, no falling tear
 Shall o'er thy dust be shed.

LIFE.

A LONG the hills the lengthening shadows creep,
 The distant sail grows fainter on the deep.
 The sun is hiding fast his glorious crest,
 Like some great giant hurrying to his rest ;—

His fading rays but wave one last adieu,—
Now billowy clouds have hidden all from view :
And Nature's face in gloom is overcast,
As though in grief for memories of the past.

And such is life ! 'tis but a summer's day ;
We rise at morn, at evening pass away.
The child, who terrified by false alarms,
Finds safest refuge in a parent's arms—
How quickly changes with advancing years,
To youthful prime with all its hopes and fears.
Glides heedless down with quickening step the vale,
Wafted along like ship before the gale :
Feels love's sweet influence charm the fleeting hours.
Nor sees the thorn imbossomed 'midst the flowers ;
Grasps at each pleasure, with a fevered joy—
To find it tempered but with base alloy.

Still on the dial moves the noiseless hand,
And through the hour-glass runs the lessening sand.
Noon sees the man, with heart exulting high,—
And purpose strong to conquer or to die.
Shall gibbering phantoms scare with baseless fear ?
Or faint his soul, when shadowy forms appear ?
Shall spectres dire that start from every shade
In phalanx strong ; or dismal forms arrayed,
His path impede, his earnest purpose stay,

Or hide with outstretched arms the distant ray
 That lures him on ? ah, no ! at such as these
 He laughs ; they are but the passing breeze
 Which idly blows, but leaves no mark behind.

High in the zenith fixed, the star of Hope
 'Gainst adverse portion ever bids man cope :
 Bids him to strive one laurel leaf to gain,
 Though won in weariness, and grief, and pain.
 Hope is the oasis amid life's shifting sand ;
 Amidst the dark surrounding waters, land.
 And thus from stage to stage alternate joy and pain
 Shall mark with chequered shade man's short-lived
 When friendship proves to be a hollow thing, [reign.
 A shell that barely serves to hide the sting !
 Some stranger, perhaps, with sympathetic heart
 Shall cheer him on, and generous words impart.
 Ah ! then indeed, Hope shines like brightest star,
 Illumes the way, points out the goal afar.
 And last the evening comes, when life shall seem
 But the creation of a troubled dream.
 Man like the setting sun shall pass away
 To sleep forgotten till the eternal day.



THE STRANGER'S REBUKE.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS, Bishops, Archbishops, and sages,
Have met to discuss curious things of past ages.
They talk of the East, and its ruins so hoary ;
Hark back to the time of old Tyre in her glory.
The bishops wax fervent, and trust without measure,
Great England will freely give out of her treasure.
Exhume from the desert some rare exhibition,
That may serve to support ecclesiastic tradition.
Bolster up with old records dogmatic theology,
And square things divine, with help of archæology.

“Sceptics cavil too much, they ask for a reason ;
Such a help to their faith would be quite in season ;
Would strengthen our hold on the minds of the
people,
Put wealth in our laps, grant a lease to the steeple.”
They stop for a moment, what can be the matter ?
What can be the meaning of this noise and chatter ?
Some stranger from far, hath ascended the forum,
And strongly rebukes, without form, or decorum,
Their pride and their pelf in language most glowing.
“The whirlwind you'll reap, 'tis but wind you are
sowing.
The mighty heart of London beats,
Squalor and vice are in the streets.

The ceaseless roar, the maddening strife,
The aching void, the restless life:
The sin, the shame, the festering sore ;
The fairest rind, the foulest core.
Murder and riot stalk side by side.
Beneath the fair surface the raging tide—
Rushing onwards with impulse strong,
Heaving to burst the chains of wrong.
Humanity's cry borne swift on the gale,
Falls dead on the ear beyond the pale ;
Falls dead on the ear of prelates proud,
Enthroned far above the surging crowd ;—
Quite heedless of all, save power and place,
Or the raising from dust some extinct race.
Gazing across to a distant land ;—
Gravely discussing Assyrian sand.
Muck-raking old cities, perchance to find
Something to hoodwink the secular mind.
Was this the work your Master set ?
For deeds like this, his brow was wet ?
Go, where the ruins lie around.
Go, search the cellars underground.
Unearth the living, leave the dead.
Lift up the fainting fallen head.
Drive darkness out with busy zeal,
And let the Pariah outcast feel,

The sympathetic thread that winds
Around each heart, and firmly binds.
Leave shams alone, but broken reeds—
Are all but purest life and deeds.
Long saintly robe, Polemic thrust,
Are in the eye of God, but dust.
No posturing, or doctrine wins
The hardened sinner from his sins.
No blatant tongue shall ever reach
The human heart, or rightly teach."

INES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

UNSTRUNG my lute, its echoes mute,—
Forsaken long been lying.
Then lady fair, I prithee spare,
She mocks my earnest sighing.

I have small reason for my rhyme,
'Tis little short of treason.
A poet's time is the golden prime ;
This rhyme is out of season.

My Muse long since her pinions spread ;
In purer founts delighting.
Her spirit fled, all else is dead,—
Long years neglect requiting.

THE WANGANUI.

FLOWING onward, ever flowing,—
 Ever onward to the sea ;
 In darkest shade, in sunbeam glowing,
 Ever seeking to be free.

O'er mossy stones with music gushing,
 Rippling through some pleasant dell—
 Each sister rill is swiftly rushing,
 In eagerness its flood to swell.

Still onward, ever onward glancing,
 Flows the swift descending stream ;
 Its gentle murmur soft entrancing,
 Like the echoes in a dream.

Here sluggishly its tide is creeping,
 Silent is the Maori chant ;
 The dreaded Taniwha lies sleeping
 In its dark and mystic haunt.

Now its waters swift dividing,
 Round Moutoa's island play—
 Where the savage foe came gliding,
 Like human tigers to the fray.

Brave men on that fatal morning,
Quickly closed in deadly fight;
Death and danger nobly scorning,
Sacrificing all for right.

A heritage of peace bequeathing,
As a memo of their fame.

Memory still is sadly breathing
Forth each true—heroic name.

Again the rapid waters blending,
In noisy tumult haste away;
Down the rocky steep descending,
Bush madly on in joyous play.

Rush madly down, the echoes waking,
Bidding Nature's heart rejoice;
And the gloomy stillness breaking,
With the music of their voice.

Soon in solemn stillness sweeping
Onward to the final goal:—
See the mighty ocean leaping!
Hark! the distant billows roll.

Ever onward, never resting,—
Ever onward to the sea.

Like the human soul soon breasting
The waters of Eternity.

AN ODE.

Written for the Industrial Exhibition, opened in Wanganui,
18th August, 1877.

Now mute the horrid clang of direful war ;
Now bitter strife replaced by Peace and Law ;
The mighty twain, beneath whose sacred shield,
Art, science, labor, skill, their treasures yield.
In their joint names, a hearty welcome find :
And generous stranger to our faults be blind.
Perchance some captious critic may compare
Our humble efforts with some old world fair ;
And sneering, gaze around, contemptuous smile,
With pointless jest admiring friends beguile.
But heed him not, for in his chatter trace
Some travelled member of the Simian race.

'Tis but a decade, since the savage brave
Relentless fought, nor asked, nor quarter gave.
Since desolation marked his ruthless path,
And quenched in sanguine lust the cheerful hearth.
Now changed the scene ! a moment gaze around,
On every side the fruits of peace abound.
That glowing canvas speaks the Artist's hand.
That inlaid cabinet from Buddhist land.
There works of art and skill in contract lie,
And forms of beauty lure the passing eye.

Here Native skill attracts, and there alone,
In active work, the Lithographic stone.
Old books and china of a bygone age,—
Whose history if told would fill a page.
How dear these relics are ! in dainty pride,
They seem to mock the moderns at their side.
Here Commerce holds her place in varied form,
Her vessels ploughed the main through sun and storm,
Bearing the products of each distant shore,
To swell the total of our modest store.

As through the busy throng we wend our way,
Or view some gem, whose beauty bids us stay.
Doth memory not, like some magician's hand,
Conjure those loved ones back from spirit land ?
Those gray-haired sires whose presence lent a charm,
Whose hearts once beat with feelings pure and warm.
Through evil days, they strove with sweat and toil
To rear a noble framework on this soil.
Shall we their children falter in the work ;
With timid folded hands our duty shirk ?
Or in the footsteps of that pilgrim band,
A Nation raise in this our sea-girt land.



THE *DINORNIS GIGANTEUS ROBUSTUS*.

EXPECTANT crowds are eager, hushed,
And view with solemn awe—
The casing of the mystic bird,
All seamed with crack and flaw.

One struggle more, and from that shell,
His home for ages past ;
He shall emerge and gaze around
With antique air aghast.

No parent bird shall gently cluck,
No friendly claw shall scratch
For wormy food, a different scene,—
His upturned eye shall catch.

A stranger in the land that once
Re-echoed to the cry
Of countless ancestors who roamed
Beneath New Zealand's sky.

Who saw the Southern Alps upraised,
By hidden forces rent.
Hollo ! my ancient friend, you are
By your exertions spent.

Now rest, while clamorous plaudits greet
Thy entrance on the stage ;
And list, while Beauchamp doth unfold
Thy Prehistoric age.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

A FRIENDLESS clod.
Gone to its Maker :—

No aid of Church
Or undertaker.

Poor Jack on trust
Consigns the dust
Of his mate : that's all, —
For the last great call.

And none the worse,
Although no hearse,
Nor mourners round,
Nor Priest be found.



AN ACROSTIC.

JOINED the majority! never again,—
As upwards I look though yon window pane;
Midst copy and type, the hoary head bent,
Eyes dim with toil, and well nigh spent,
Shall I see his face.

Sadly and wearily working away,—
Thinking perchance of some happier day.
Always plodding type stick in hand;
No thought of shirking, although the sand
Lightly drops from the glass to the silent land.
Earning bravely his daily bread—
Yesternight I but saw him, and now he is dead.

Better thus in harness to the last—
Infirm but independent; than be cast
Rudely upon the world's cold charity.

Cynics may smile, but I cannot forget
His face at the window, when fine or when wet.
A duty fulfilling, with never a thought
Left for self. A rare lesson he taught.
Lie peaceful old workman, the good work is wrought.



A CIVIC CARNIVAL.
- - -

HOMER sang of ancient Troy, of Ajax, and Ulysses;
 Of Menelaus, Hector, and of faithless Helen's
 kisses.

Then why not I of Governors, of councils and committees,

To consign them to oblivion would be a thousand
 pitities.

My Pegasus I'll mount, though 'twould fill a ream of
 paper,

To chronicle in detail, each festive trick and caper.

Though fertile be the theme, to patience there's a
 limit,

So to avoid exhausting that, I will just merely skim it.
In metre long will sing, each wily trick and doing;—
And how the corporation all, to greatness went a
 booing.

A gorgeous day, upon the wharf, the carronade was
 banging,

Just like a popgun a salute, Inspector A was slanging.
The little boys, and smaller men, amongst them our
 friend J—dn,

Who to complete his *tout ensemb*, shouild have had a
 sword on.

If not a sword, at least a wand, just like a parish beadle ;

I'll back his fussy ways against Paul Pry or Mrs. Tweedle.

But this digression must not be ; the Governor was standing,

Surrounded by the gaping crowd, and rifles at the landing.

While foremost there was seen the Mayor, a man of noble presence,

Reading a welcome ten feet long, of which this was the essence :—

“ You see outstretched before your eyes, a city vast and rising ;

But I am great Particular here, so that is not surprising.

I and these worthy souls combine municipal authority, I'll teach them yet before I've done, a scientific polity.

Water and gas, in course of time, at least by Miller's shewing,

Permit me him to introduce, will through our streets be flowing.”

And then the Maories followed suit, Sir James in terms replying,

Of courtly grace to all they said, although with boredom dying.

The scene now changes ; up the street the cavalcade
went prancing,
With Mayor and city councillors in close attendance
dancing.
Proud moments those ! they circled round their centre
of attraction,
And for a moment quite forgot the jealousies of faction.
Soon seated round the festive board, the burgesses
were waiting,
While A and B and C and D were ways and means
debating.
Which door Sir James would honor by his quick
expected entry,
They did not know, so stuck at each a swallow coated
sentry.
At last the cry arose, he comes ! and frantically
rushing,
They trampled on each other's toes and corns, while
rudely pushing ;
But sweeping past the struggling crew, Sir James
took little heeding,
He merely said, "don't bother me, you shew but
little breeding."
Then having fed, Sir James arose, and to his toast
responsive,

In burning words he pledged the fair, and said, "Oh,
may they long live !

Nought can compare with daughters fair, of mothers
Eve and Venus ;

Oh ! why aloft as spectators, instead of right between
us.

Such *gaucherie* I ne'er have seen, but pardon this
effusion,

They must have been quite overlooked amid the great
confusion."

What after this took place, from my own knowledge
speaking,

I cannot tell, but merely saw the champagne bottles
leaking ;

The Maories, cits and councillors, in one wild jumble
mixing,

Sir James upon the brow of one, a wreath of laurel
fixing.



THE GOLDEN AGE.

Ah ! gone indeed the golden age,
When gentle Sappho sighed,
And charmed with lyric verse the page,
Then broke her heart and died.

When fountain, rock, and bower,
The fairy footsteps heard
Of nymphs whose mystic power
Each trembling rustic feared.

Ah ! golden age long past,
Replaced by age of gold,—
When men such visions cast
Aside, as tales long told.

No more shall shepherds sound
With joy their tuneful reed ;
Whilst maidens dance around,
Upon the flowering mead.

Now Plutus points his hand,
Where hidden treasures lie,—
And bids each laboring band
The glittering ore descry.

Poor Pan ! no more thy sway
The wooded dells shall own ;
Gone is thy fleeting day,
And Echo mourns alone.

This is the age of gold,
Conceits shall reign no more.
The haunted glens unfold
Nought but the glittering ore.

For sylvan joys of old
No more shall mortals sigh ;
But gold—gold—gold—
Shall be their future cry.

'Tis gold that opens wide
The portals of each place ;
Whilst worth must stand aside,
And hide her blushing face.



EULOGY.

To the anonymous one who enclosed a very inartistic pen and ink sketch on St. Valentine's Day.

WHAT taste and skill in thee combine,
What wondrous beauty in each line ;
What poetry of form must linger
About thy most artistic finger.

What graphic power is here displayed,
What latent wit is here arrayed.
What harmony of thought and feeling
Must o'er thy mind be alway stealing.

What magic charm is here unfurled ;
What art to lure an envious world.
What genius that hath long lain hidden,
Has sprung to life in thee unbidden.

Say wherefore hide such promise true ?
Such inborn force from public view ?
Of such as thee we may be proud,
And round the swift creations crowd.

Oh ! sure the Gods, Promethean fire
Have lent to thee to cool thine ire ;
To hurl destruction on the man,
Fallen beneath thy cruel ban.

As thou art strong in mercy spare,
 Let art be all thy future care ;
 Thy varied pen shall fill the breach
 Long held by the immortal Leach.

When in the zenith of thy fame,—
 And schools from thee their rise shall claim ;
 Remember then the modest wight
 Who spurred thee to the giddy height.

Or if perchance the worldly eye
 Should fail thy merit to descry ;
 Blame but the naughty impulse strong,
 That prompted thee to first do wrong.

ALONE.

QUIET still within her cottage door,
 At twilight's darkening hour,
 There sits a spinster old and poor—
 Respect, her only dower.

Nor fire, nor candle shed their rays
 Upon the gathering gloom ;
 The hopes and fears of bygone days
 Light up that lonely room.

She sees again that mother dear,
Whose tender gentle hand,
So oft hath wiped away the tear,
In some far distant land.

She hears again that lover's voice,
Whose accent sweet and low—
So oft hath made her heart rejoice
In years long long ago.

The echoes of that pleasant dream
Sound like some distant chime,
Just heard across life's ebbing stream
To mark that early time.

And still she sits, her gazing eye
Strains through the thickening gloom,
And sees those dear ones standing nigh,
Within that lonely room.

My falling step she heedeth not,
When passing by the door;
How sad and dreary seems her lot,
So friendless, lone, and poor.

Some day perchance I too may gaze
Sad—silent—and alone—
Back to those friends of early years,
Long laid beneath the stone.

THE OLD BLOCK-HOUSE.

GAUNT and alone, mute memory of the past ;
 No sound of martial tread or trumpet calls ;
 No scarlet coated men their glamour cast,
 No merry laughter echoes through those walls.

Long years ago the Maori foemen stood
 In dusky phalanx on the plain below ;
 Defiant yelled their eager thirst for blood,
 Like fiends incarnate rushing to and fro.

From out those narrow loops where bright the flame
 Gave deadly token of the speeding bolt—
 The sentry gazed with feelings once of shame,
 Upon the blunders of a “ Colonel Dolt.”

Far different then the scene ! the toi waved
 Its graceful plumage and its yellow crest.
 Where whispering raupo in the water laved,
 The booming bittern found its lonely nest.

Where now sleek citizens securely stand,
 The wild pig rustled through the tangled waste.
 Where rushing waters once o'erwhelmed the strand,
 Now busy footsteps sound in eager haste.

Changed now indeed ! those walls alone remain
To tell the story of a bygone age ;
Of men and stirring scenes that once again
Shall find response, but on the author's page.

Let not rude hands so eager to efface
Touch this memorial of an earlier day.
Drape o'er with ivy as with courtly lace,
And hide with tenderness its slow decay.

THE IMMIGRANT.

WHAT fond emotions fill the bursting heart,
Renew each grief, or trusting hope impart ;
When mighty Egmont towering to the sky,
Greets with her snowy peak, the wanderer's eye ;
And flashing far across the heaving main,
Brings tender thoughts of distant lands again ;
Whose shores long faded from his wistful view,
Where last he waved his sorrowful adieu.
He comes perchance from where the frozen north,
In early days her valiant sons sent forth
To plough the waste, a Scandinavian band,—
Whose galleys oft impressed Britannia's strand ;

Or Erin's isle may claim the starting tear,
Or Scotia's land, where warmest hearts endear ;
Or hails old England for his native earth,
And names with pride the country of his birth.
Perchance he comes from crowded busy haunts,
Where misery hides in honest shame her wants.
Where swarming thousands lack the cooling breath
Of God's pure air ; and where alas grim Death
Full oft to them hath proved a welcome guest,
To hapless souls hath brought their longed for rest.

And now the woods with busy axe resound,
The leafy giants cumber all the ground.
Where late their shades in gloomy stillness lay,
The hardy settler brings the light of day.
Uprears the hut of massy logs, and sees
The smoke curl gently in the evening breeze.
Enjoys the fragrant pipe, and lends his ear
To some old bushman's yarn of bygone year :
When earthquakes shook with deep portentous roar,
And mighty mountains trembled to the core.
When Maori foe the hostile weapon plied,
And bravely fighting, for his country died,
And lists, until, at last he sinks opprest
With sleep and toil upon his ferny rest.
Nor save in dreams shall henceforth care to roam,
But call with grateful heart, New Zealand, home.

IN MEMORIAM.

THEY sleep to wake no more, those gallant hearts ;
Our comrades once, and full of bounding life.
The silent forest now affords a resting place.
How doubly hallowed is each narrow grave.
What bright and crowding memories are evoked.
What jocund hours brought back again.
When lurid war with dark and threatening aspect
Called to arms ; how swift and vigorous sprang
Each daring soul to meet the dusky foe.
No thought of danger checked their fiery zeal.
With flashing eye, and agile bounding step,
O'er many a gory stricken field they trod.
Along the gloomy path, they tracked the foe.
The deadly, echoing volley, and the ringing cheer,
Resounded through the woods and told of victory.
Waikato's sons, the flower of Maori land,
Oft rued the shock. On many a fatal day,
The crimson turf bore witness to the fray.
The wailing tangi on the midnight air
Oft told of braves laid low and Wahines desolate.

Where are they now ? oh, sad and treacherous hour
When Broughton fell. No base or selfish fear

Could daunt his breast. He in the arms
Of sternest duty died and won a name.
At Turu Turu Mokai sprang the fearless Ross
Into the deadly breach, and foremost fighting fell.
Te Ngutu o te Manu then its victims claimed.
From log and tangled brake poured forth the fire.
In vain the charge, in vain the deadly thrust;
The wily savage hung invisible on flank and rear.
Then fell Von Tempsky, the bravest of the brave,
With Hunter, Hastings, Buck, and Palmer too;
Each one the rallying centre of devoted men.
Soon Moturoa saw a second Hunter fall,
With desperate zeal he led his final charge,
Then joined his brother in the spirit land.
Can Biggs, the Crichton of his time, the ever cool,
Or Wilson be forgot, whose strains in earlier times
Oft charmed the passing hours with sweetest sound.
With dauntless courage, both had met the foe
In fairest fight; to fall at length unarmed,—
Defenceless, basely murdered by Te Kooti's band.
Again and last of all, on fair Kaiwi's heights
Young Maxwell sped, fit type of border chivalry.
They are but dust! but in our memories
Shall their record live; nor fade away until
Brave deeds shall find no fitting place;
And honour, reckoned but an empty sound.

THE S. A.

WATCH them marching past, a motley throng,
With loud resounding drum, and trumpets blare;
Their voices raised in unmelodious song,
Their simple anthems filling all the air.

I watch them standing there, the torches fling
Strange shadows o'er them with their smoky light;
Their hallelujahs they more loudly sing
When hardened worldlings cavil at the sight.

They tell in rudest words the oft told tale.
They shout in loudest tones the gospel news.
They patiently reply when sinners rail,
And from their cherished hopes to part refuse.

The palefaced brainless larrikins who herd
For mutual strength in cowardly array,—
But cause them on their armour closely gird,
And for their miserable assailants pray.

They speak each one of happiness and love,
And trust some day of better things to come ;
Of perfect peace below, and rest above,
When they shall reach their everlasting home.

So stood those Christian bands long years ago,
Nor feared the terrors of a Nero's frown ;—
So they might grapple with their deadly foe,
And win the honours of a martyr's crown.

And gazing thus, methought how happy these,
Who trusting follow in their Master's way ;
Who free from doubt, care not the world to please,
Believing simply, not that trust betray.

The shallow sceptic, who with tape and rule
Would narrow all things to his dreary creed ;
By vain research, but proves himself a fool,
And broadcast sows a foul and useless seed.

His but the echo of some master mind
That reverently doubts, not idly sneers ;—
That strives with reason's help the truth to find,
Not makes a mock of earnest hopes and fears.



ISAACK EARL FEATHERSTONE.

FLASHING beneath the wave
The notice sped.

The great, the chivalrous, the brave,
Is dead.

That voice whose accent low
The senate filled.

That eloquence whose flow
Each hearer thrilled.

That grace and courage high,
Indomitable will,
Beneath the turf now lie
For ever still.

Death hurled with cunning care
His fatal dart,
And jealous seized that fair—
That generous heart.

True patriot, he for self
Ne'er gave a thought.
Gainst public wrong and pelf
The battle fought.

Shall we forget the day
On Egmont's strand ?
When eager for the fray
The savage band—

Unpitying, ruthless, burst
A raging flood.
He boldly amongst the first
Their rage withstood.

Though weary, led the van
On glory's field :
And taught each gallant man
To die, not yield.

His laurels long delayed
Shall time defy.
Though memory may fade,
Shall never die.



THE BURNING OF THE "COSPATRICK."

DREAM on poor souls, the tossing main,
Binds ye more fast in slumber's chain;
Dream on of happier hours in store,
When carking days shall be no more.

There rests a maiden sweet and fair,
With Saxon face and yellow hair;—
And here a stalwart youth, whose hand
In fancy tills the promised land.

Dream on! the footfall overhead—
Bespeaks the seaman's watchful tread.
Dream on! the surging waters rock,
Nor rudely waken to the shock.

But hark! that sharp and sudden cry,
That seems to echo from on high;—
Again and yet again and higher
Is shrieked the awful sound, "on fire!"

And from those pleasant dreams they start,
From life and hope too soon to part:
Helpless, to view the lurid flame
That mocks their utmost skill to tame.

What manly strength, what ghastly fears ;
What fainting hearts, what futile tears ;
What timid forms now madly crowd,
And in their anguish cry aloud.

Where now the distant land and cot ?
Where now the future changeful lot ?
Where now ? ah where ! no tongue shall tell,
The surges chant their passing knell.

The tapering masts down crashing fall ;
The lurid smoke their funeral pall ;
To 'scape them from their fiery grave,
They gladly court the welcome wave.

Five hundred human souls have sped.
Five hundred human hearts are dead.
Five hundred fathoms deep they lie,
Their requiem the sea bird's cry.



A NAUTICAL YARN.

THE morn was fair and from the west
The sea breeze briskly blew ;
Upon the strand, like seamen drest,
There stood a jovial crew.

Alongside rocking a pinnace lay,
Ten ashen oars to starboard ;
No bonnier craft for many a day,
With another ten to larboard.

“ Who will with me ? ” their Captain cried,
“ Who leave his lass and roam ?
Who brave the swiftly rolling tide ?
And breast the salt sea foam ? ”

“ We will with thee,” these seamen said,
“ For brave are we, not quakers ;
Let landsmen fear, we do not dread
To cross the foaming breakers.

Should foreign foes with stealth assail,
Use solid shot or shrapnel ;
The boys in blue will never quail,
But hook on with a grapnel.”

A sea-dog then quite gruffly roared,
A brawny looking sailor—
“Look sharp, my boys, come step aboard,
I've served on board a whaler.”

“Cast off,” the Captain cried, “pull all,
And boatswain pipe your whistle;
Let each gay tar at duty's call
Exhibit all his gristle.”

And soon those lovely shores arose,
That ancient Maori garden;—
Where putrid shark offends the nose,
But stop, I beg your pardon.

Where great conversions, pious calls,
Are but an idle story;
'Tis but a case of empty walls,
The natives say, “Kahore.”

Then past conglomerate rocks they swept,
The sea-dog shouted, “luff!”
A sort of sadness o'er them crept,
When 'neath the frowning bluff.

They viewed afar the sea-girt cliff,
And felt a sort of notion,
They'd got at last a gentle whiff
Straight from the briny ocean.

They strained upon their oars like men,
To reach the bounding billow.

They caught a crab or two, and then
Each took an extra swill, oh !

Sweet tender thoughts of home o'erstole
Each lion-hearted fellow ;
But when the pinnace gave a roll
They all got rather yellow.

The sea-dog shouted, " mind your helm,"
They carried out his wishes.
" Don't let her broach, or seas o'erwhelm,"
And then, he fed the fishes.

The Captain gazed upon his crew
With wonder and emotion ;
Each one had turned an ashen hue,
They could not bear the motion.

" Oh ! boatswain pipe all hands ashore,
The sea is getting rougher ;—
We'll breast the breaking waves no more,"
The sea-dog murmured, " luff her !"



GORDON.

GORDON's dead ! not that the fault,
 Not that the Nation's woe ;
 He fell as he had wished to fall,
 His face unto the foe.

He went where duty called,
 And lightly recked the cost.
 He fought as fights his race,
 When all but honour lost.

The meteor flag unfurled,
 On Khartoum's granite wall ;
 And struck both long and deep,
 Before his final fall.

Through treachery most foul
 The Arab won the gate ;
 The soldier met at length
 His last heroic fate.

* * * * *

Too late, the pomp of armed men,
 Thick mustering to the fray !
 No longer stands that faithful heart
 Like hunted stag at bay.

Too late ! no more along the shore
Of Nile shall look for aid.

In patient strength and courage wait
For help too long delayed.

Too late ! the battle light shall ne'er
Illume that face again ;
Now Egypt's sons and daughters fall,
'Mid sanguine lust and pain.

Oh, England, weep ! a jewel rare
Is from thy casket gone.

Oh, England, weep ! and sadly mourn
Thy well beloved one.

THE DYING MINER.

DEAR Bill, lift up my aching head, I feel so very
weak,
And sit closer to me, mate, for I can scarcely speak.
The doctor told me yesterday, I can't much longer
last,
So I crave somehow before I go, to talk about the
past.

We came across from Forest Creek, I think in sixty-two,
And joined the rush at Gabriel's, Jack Harris, me,
and you ;
Poor Jack, how sulky he would get when we were
not on gold. ;
He struck a patch down Charlestown way, at least
so I've been told.

On Blue Spur once he saved my life, when I was
down below.
You know for want of propping, how, 'twas always
touch and go.
The rotten drive caved in behind, and cut me from
the shaft,
And there I lay with one leg jammed, it drove me
almost daft.

How long it was I hardly know, the darkness and
despair
Had quite unmanned me, Bill, 'twas more than I
could bear ;
When all at once I faintly heard, a muffled sort of
sound,
And knew that Jack was working hard, right through
the treacherous ground.

For ten long hours without a break, he worked to get
me out,
And when he found me still alive, my God, how he
did shout!
I've ne'er forgot, though many years have come and
passed away,
The moment when I saw once more the blessed light
of day.

Through weary hours Jack tended me with all a
woman's love;
Though rough his life, that one good deed shall
plead for him above.
If you should meet and chum again, just tell him
what I said,
'Twill cheer him up, when he shall lie upon his
dying bed.

Some sceptics say there is no God, ah, now I feel
they're wrong.
Though I once said the same myself, when I was
well and strong,
And often laughed at you, dear Bill, on Sundays
when you read
Of God's great love in sending Christ, whose precious
blood was shed.

A week ago before my hurt, down at the social hall,
A stranger talked quite glib of God, and quoted
Ingersoll ;
I heard it called Philosophy, and thought it very
grand,
But I'm glad that you, not he, dear Bill, now holds
my dying hand.

I feel a sort of comfort like, I scarce know what I
think,
But still I feel much happier now, oh, please give
me a drink ;
My lips are parched, I'm going fast, but stay by me
until
My poor heart has ceased to beat, and I am cold
and still.



